

Akala - Stand Up Lyrics

All my people, wherever in Britain
Bro I know the flows cold,
Let me know that you feel it,
And I know the roads slow but your ready to kill me
Cause I feel that same pain, hear the lyrics I'm spittin'
Critics ask why I don't smile, they gotta be kiddin',
Little kids'll blow your head off, just to say that they did it,
I'm in the streets one deep, these villains think that I'm slippin', #
Nah bruv, I don't care bout none of you spitters,
If your real then your eelin' it,
Nah, idont give a shit,
Respect the message nigga, illa state records,
British flag, yard colours cause tell me where my
Head is
First time you saw me, iwas screamin' 'fuck the
Police',
Next icame I change the whole game in the streets,
These wollys still tryna' catch up with ' war', I
Bang harder,
Father, 'roll wid us' huh, iain't even started...

'Moss side... stand up... long sight... stand up...
Hansworth... stand up... aston... stand up
Newtown... stand up... London... stand up
Anywhere, everywhere all my people stand up
St. Pauls... stand up... chapel town... stand up...
Luton... stand up... London... stand up...
Anywhere, everywhere all my people stand up! '

All my tugs stand up, fist in the sky,
Girls too... hands high, now your chillin' with I,
Mr. Brazilian, so of course the woman is feelin' him,
Lyrics is brilliant, no question, illa state England,
I ain't watchin' the states neither, their whole
Shit's tired,
All the great rappers is either dead or retired,
All these sappy cunts, talkin' bout bitches n'
Blunts,
How much your chain cost, and you bustin' ya gun,
And you can't spit, your sticks, ya get hang a box in
The chops,
Silly boys can't bang with me, fools can't hang with me,
Idont relly care unless it's paper or my family.
Home's this is the roads and there's only one
Strategy,
Though I hate my reality, it's just way it has to be,

'Coventry... stand up bradford... stand up...
Wolftown... stand up... glasgow... stand up
Cardiff... stand up... London... stand up
Anywhere everywhere, all my people stand up!

Derby... stand up... leicester... stand up...
Newcastle stand up... sheffield... stand up...
Belfast... stand up... London... stand up
Anywhere, everywhere, all my people stand up! '

I talk alot, but idon't conversate with punks,
Try so hard to teach but ya man dem are dunce,
Don't learn when the shit happen,
Burn when the clap em,
This is not a perm, but you worms get a relaxin'
My reaction, only in a street fashion,
I am not bulletproof- could get my melon
Splattered,
So I stay ready, spread positive energy,
But I know full well couple prars wanna bury me,
No reason, just cause, that's the negativity,
How could you be a nigga-not feelin' my delivery?
Lyrically, my ability, rippin' up killa's viciously,
Spitter's that wanna mimic me,
Stickin' them where the spirits be, huh
Pretty boy akala, move like a ape,
Skinny, but ipush plates, like I'm fresh off a 8,
Ah mate, so you relly shoulk sty in ya lane,
Only spitter on my level got the same last name